OUR AMERICAN FLAG

Music and Verse

by

C. Turner Schubarth, Boston, Mass.

All hail the stars, in azure blown,
The stripes of blood, immortals shed
And make our aims as pure as shown
In straight white ways of faith, they led:
The soul which governs shall be true
Beneath our flag, the white, red, and blue!

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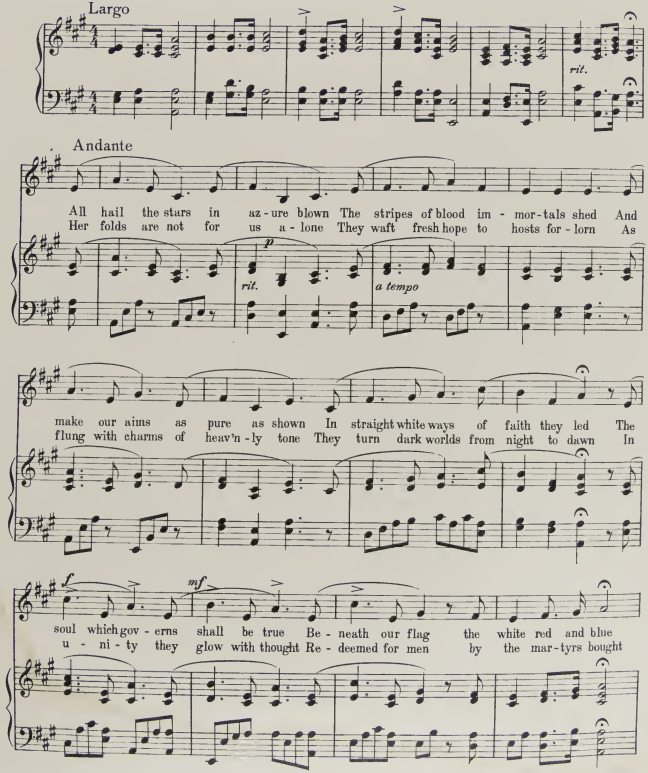
Largo
rit.
Andante
All hail the stars in az - ure blown The stripes of blood im - mor - tals shed And
Her folds are not for us a - lone They waft fresh hope to hosts for - lorn As
p
rit.
a tempo
make our aims as pure as shown In straight white ways of faith they led The
flung with charms of heav'n - ly tone They turn dark worlds from night to dawn In
f
mf
soul which gov - erns shall be true Be - neath our flag the white red and blue
u - ni - ty they glow with thought Re - deemed for men by the mar - tyrs bought

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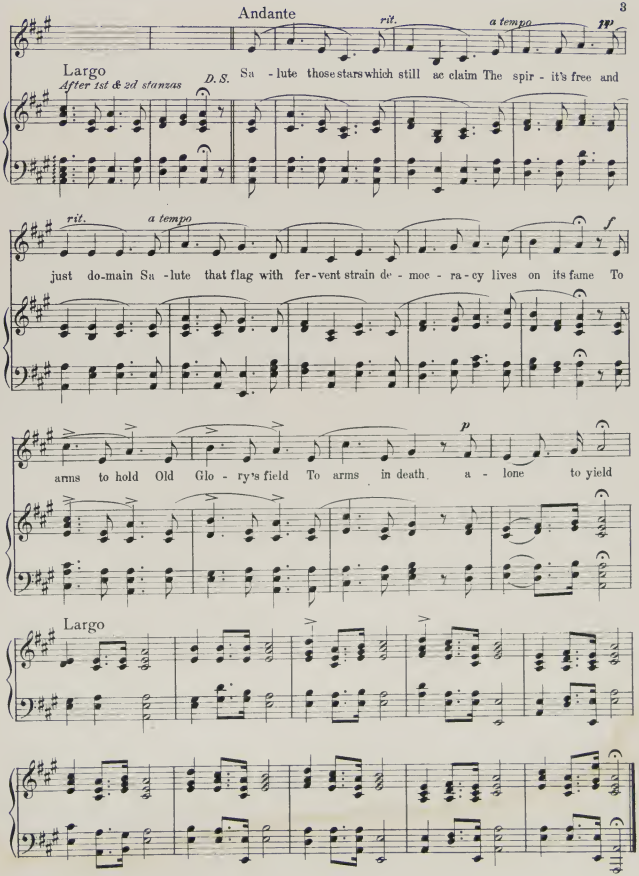
Andante
rit.
a tempo
pp
Largo
After 1st & 2d stanzas
D. S.
Sa - lute those stars which still ac claim The spir - it's free and
rit.
a tempo
f
just do-main Sa - lute that flag with fer-vent strain de - moc - ra - cy lives on its fame To
p
arms to hold Old Glo - ry's field To arms in death a - lone to yield
Largo